The Bloomfield Record.

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1880.

Another Mouth to Feed.

You wonder, Jack, that I take no heed
Of these jests and banters gay,
Because there's another mouth to feed
In my humble home to-day;
But bless you, man, you would wonder less
If a married man were you,
With little ones' round your knees to press
When the hard day's work is through.

My wages are slender at best, I own,
And the outlook's poor enough,
And the brood in my nest has swiftly grown,
But I'm fashioned of cheerful stuff;
And with each new face in the infant's crib,
There has nothing but good luck come,
For the smiles that broider a baby's bib
Are the glintings of life's great sum.

And there's many a shipmate yonder, Jack,
Who has been with his jeering free,
Whose home's the darker, I know, for lack
Of the blessings that come to me;
And many another single, too,
Who his earnings broadcast flings,
Would a family such as mine could woo
To better and nobler things.

For a good wife's more that a mainstay, man,
She is capstan, bar and buoy,
And babes are the charts whereon we scan
The A B C's of joy;
And he who a child's heart reads aright,
Be he whomsoever he may,
Will steer by a rock-built beacon-light,
When the night and the storm hold sway.

So let them banter and sneer, old fried,
I am ready my cause to plead
With the All-creative Powers that send
Still another mouth to feed—
Another life to be shaped and trained
For duty to man on earth,
And take my chance, if for aught arraigned,
At the bar of manhood's worth.

A House-Hunting Experience.

Mrs. Joshua Maclane was a very busy woman. "Watts' honey-bee isn't a circumstance to her," Joshua Maclane would say, with a smile. It was not a smile of derision, but very satisfied, for he was a busy man, and this element of activity in his partner was a source of intense satisfaction.

As a result of Mrs. Maclane's activity, she had a great deal to do, for society learned long ago that, as a rule, if it wants anything done, it is safest to go to a busy person to get it done. Drones never learn executive ability. As a natural sequence, Mrs. Maclane was president of associations, secretary of societies, visitor at institutions, chairman of committees, on whom most of the work fell, and a power in society as well as her own home.

To such busy people there come days when executive ability is taxed to the utmost. The varied duties do not spread themselves neatly over a given space, but come, like "troubles, in battalions."

One of these days, and one of these hours in the day, had come to Mrs. Joshua Maclane. She was sewing, watching her children, and entertaining a neighbor, when the tide set in. A note came, begging her, as president of a relief association, to examine the credentials of a suffering applicant immediately. Another came, begging her to visit a family in extreme destitution at once. A servant entered, saying that the seamstress could not proceed further without orders; and directly behind the servant came Harry Maclane, with a note from his teacher stating that he was sent home because he complained of sore throat, and was feverish. With a mother's instinct, the minor duties waited while Mrs. Maclane examined the child's throat. She was thus engaged when her husband's brother entered with a telegram:

"It is from Joshua," he explained. "He says there is a house for sale uptown that he wants you to look at immediately. 'Drop everything,' he telegraphs, and look after it."

Mrs. Joshua Maclane knitted her brow, and the neighbor smiled, but she said, kindly: "If there is any way I can assist you, I hope you will allow me."

"Instead of dropping everything, I don't see how anything can be dropped," said Mrs. Maclane, meditatively. She took a medicine case, and made the prepared some medicine for her sick child, said to the waiting servant: "Tell the seamstress to sew on the sheets in the closet until I am at liberty. I keep such plain work for emergencies," she explained to her neighbor. "Now I must put Harry in a room by himself until I know whether his illness is contagious, and I cannot leave him. I will attend to the case downstairs as soon as Harry is comfortable."

"Can I visit the poor family?" volunteered her neighbor.

"I shall be very grateful," replied Mrs. Maclane. Then she turned to her brother-in-law.

"Hal, I can't look after the house. It would be a great favor if you could do it."

"But—" began the brother-in-law.

Mrs. Maclane interrupted him. "You know our needs and tastes, too, almost as well as we do ourselves. You know we want a house similar to this, but larger. Observe, the paper, the paint and the walls. Be sure to find out if there are plenty of closets, and, above all things, notice if there are any signs of sewer gas."

"The lack of wisdom in sending a boy to do a man's work has passed into a proverb," answered Henry Maclane. "I fear you will find it equally unwise to send a man to do a woman's work."

"A little practice in house-hunting may be of service to you in the future," suggested the neighbor, pleasantly.

"Bachelor halls are very dreary places in my way of thinking," replied Henry Maclane, gravely. "A home that is a home needs a wife."

"Precisely," said the neighbor. "Wife and home were in my thoughts when I suggested the acquisition of knowledge for future use."

Henry Maclane shrugged his shoulders, and gave his head a negative shake. "You wouldn't advise a man who had civil engineering before him to learn to be a jeweler, I suppose?"

"No; but I would advise a man who had civil engineering or anything else before him not to cast away a jewel if he should stumble across one. Diamonds always repay for the setting." The neighbor said it with intent, evidently, giving expressive little nods as she talked.

Henry Maclane smiled. "I am afraid your diamond is a manufactured one. Put to the test, it would turn out like the Scotch chemist's—a crystallized silicate, and not pure carbon."

As he passed out, the neighbor said, with a pout: "Your brother-in-law is incorrigible. There is that good Miss Anderson would make him such a good wife, and I know she worships the ground he walks on. Is there any old love that fills his mind and heart to the exclusion of all the interesting ladies of our set?"

"We never knew of any love affair," replied Mrs. Maclane, in a confidential tone, "but I have my suspicions. He was a young man at the time of our civil war, and, as a colonel, did good service. Attached to his sword is a curl of light flaxen hair tied with a blue ribbon. I once begged him to tell me the story of the golden lock, but he answered, quietly, that there was nothing to tell.

"'It looks like a child's,' I ventured to suggest.

"To which he replied: 'The head on which it grew must have known as many summers and winters as your own.'

"'I hope she is not dead,' I ventured again.

"And he answered, in the same quiet way, 'I never heard of her death.'

"'Is she married?' I asked, bluntly.

"'I presume so; I don't know,' he answered, a trifle less calmly.

"'The ribbon is faded; I will bring you a fresh piece, and put this in the rag-bag,' I suggested.

"But he shook his head decidedly. 'A new piece would not be the same,' he answered, gravely.

"This is a slight foundation on which to rear a romance, but I have always believed there is a memory of the past connected with the faded ribbon and sunny hair. Hal, with all his bravery, is a shy man. He would be like Miles Standish, whom he is always quoting, in love and in war. I don't believe he ever heard 'that terrible No from the lips of the woman' who had sunny hair and wore pale ribbons, but I can fancy him losing his chance, and letting some other man win her. You see, he would have only himself to blame, and would go on remembering the past dream with a dreary kind of pleasure. Still, I always expect to see him married. Home and wife are the just deserts of men like Hal."

The man of whom this cheerful prophecy was made was on his way to an up-town residence, in no enviable frame of mind.

"It's absurd of Joshua's wife to send me on this errand," he was thinking. "I am sure to blunder. Let me see—paper, paint, walls, closets and sewer gas were the items of special importance."

"What a pleasant looking house!" he thought, as he ascended the steps of the residence designated in his brother's telegram. In the hall he carefully noted the wall from floor to ceiling, looked closely at the paint, and made an inventory of closets at the back of the hall. Then he was admitted into the parlor, and saw at a glance that the arrangement was such as Mrs. Maclane desired. A faint perfume of violets was a pleasant odor to inhale when he feared to encounter sewer gas. He glanced at the wall, and then his eye fell on a la y who advanced from the rear room, and exclaimed, "Mr. Maclane!"

"My old friend Reby!" he responded, as he took her hand. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

There was genuine pleasure on both sides, if sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks were signs of pleasure; then each surveyed the other, with glances half questioning and half apprehensive, as they exchanged ordinary remarks and Henry Maclane explained his errand.

"My sister occupies the house, and will show it to you presently," said the lady. "Do you want it furnished as you find it?"

Henry Maclane looked at the fair woman—sunny hair waving over her forehead; clear blue eyes looking searchingly into his at one moment, and glancing shyly away the next, lips moving nervously as if she were mastering some emotion—and he replied, emphatically: "Just as it is!"

"There is a pleasant view from the back windows," said the lady, leading the way to the rear room.

"Very pleasant," replied Henry Maclane, but he had given only a glance outside, and was gazing down on the fair-haired woman, standing a little lower than himself. Then he fell to asking questions about her family and mutual friends; and all the time he had the air of a lawyer who asks indirect questions hoping to elicit some unknown facts.

"Mamma!" called a childish voice in the hall.

The fair lady stepped to the door, and said, gently: "Go to the nursery, Hal."

Henry Maclane started at the sound of the name he always bore in his own home. Had it been given the child for sweet remembrance sake? The thought that this remembrance must count for naught, if there were husband and children had in it the sadness of "it might have been."

The years must have brought many changes to you,' said Henry Maclane, with a view of gaining some personal knowledge.

"Yes," answered the lady, with a meditative look on her face, "there are few reminders even of the old day left. I have had my share of joy and sorrow."

Henry Maclane noted, what he had not seen before, that there was a mingling of crape in the lady's black dress. "Perhaps she is a widow," was his thought.

"My mother's death last year was the greatest affliction I have ever had," she said, sadly.

"Not a widow!" was Henry Maclane's mental comment. "The loss of her husband would have been a greater affliction to this woman than the loss of her mother."

There was a pause, and Henry Maclane said: "You must know Mrs. McClane She will give any friend of mine a warm welcome."

"Certainly," replied the lady. "It will be a pleasure to know her. Ah! here is my sister. Mrs. Ellis. Sue, don't you remember Mr. Maclane?"

"Remember him? What, Hal, our most devoted attendant and dearest friend? Upon my word, I hadn't any dearer friend in those days," exclaimed the sister, in a voluble way he remembered well. "How glad I am to see you! The servant told me a gentleman was waiting to be shown the house. I little dreamed of finding an old friend in the house-hunter. Are you a judge of houses?" she asked, in a practical way.

"I fear not, but Mrs. Maclane was unable to come, as one of the children was ill," replied Henry Maclane.

"How many children are there?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Five," answered Henry Maclane.

Mrs. Ellis proceeded immediately to the business in hand. "I will show you the upper stories if you like to look."

Mrs. Ellis enumerated the good points of the house with the volubility of a house agent, and Henry Maclane appeared to follow, but his thoughts were with the fair woman in the parlor below.

"It is strange we never met until to-day," he said, somewhat irrelevantly, as Mrs. Ellis's last remark was about communicating rooms.

"You see, we went to Europe when you went for a soldier," replied Mrs. Ellis. "I was there until the war was over. Reby remained some years longer. When we came back to Baltimore your family had moved to New York, and we lost sight of you all. It was very dismal coming back to strangers and many changes. I soon found comfort in my engagement to Mr. Ellis, and Reby went back to Europe. She wants to go again, but we are trying to keep her here."

"Is her husband there?" asked Henry Maclane.

"Husband?—Reby's husband?" echoed Mrs. Ellis. "She has never married. Did you notice your name-sake, my little boy?"

Henry Maclane made a movement to descend the stairs.

"Hadn't you better see the rear room?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"No matter. I will send Mrs. Maclane," he replied, carelessly.

Truth to tell, he was inclined to go down the stairs with a bound. His sister-in-law's conclusions had not been wide of the mark. No woman had ever been to him what this woman with the sunny hair and fair face had been, but he was a shy man, and had simply lost his chance. He went to battle with on'y a request for one golden lock f om the fair head, and she was too proud a woman to give more than was asked. Then they drifted far apart, as lives often do that have touched each other with strong points of contact.

He was soon in the parlor, and by Reby's side.

"Tell Mrs. Maclane we would like her decision as soon as possible," said Mrs. Ellis, somewhat sharply. To herself she was saying, "The man might have married Reby once, but he shall not flirt with her now."

"I am glad to find Reby unchanged," said Henry Maclane in response.

Mrs. Ellis replied, brusquely: "She is wonderfully changed to me. The years have brought great strength and goodness to Reby. She is not a woman to tolerate nonsense of any kind."

She justified her brusque speech with the mental comment: "A man with a wife and five children has no business to stand there with undisguised admiration on his face, and congratulate himself on finding Reby unchanged. It's a trying ordeal to her, and I would shorten it if I could."

Her remark brought the color to Reby's face, and Henry Maclane looked annoyed. "I don't understand—" he began.

Mrs. Ellis interrupted him. "You will bring Mrs. Maclane when you come again?"

"Possibly her husband will be free to come with her," was the quiet response.

"Husband! Are you not Mrs. Maclane's husband?" asked Mrs. Ellis, wonderingly.

"Me? Oh no! My brother Joshua is Mrs. Maclane's husband," replied Henry Maclane, with a smile.

"And father of the five children?" continued Mrs. Ellis.

"Father of the five children," echoed Henry Maclane.

"And haven't you any wife?" asked Mrs. Ellis, curiously.

"The Bible says, 'A good wife is from the Lord,'" replied Henry Mactane, gravely. "He has never given me such a blessing."

Mrs. Ellis' eyes twinkled.

"I could give you a bible quotation that might help you," she said, demurely; but a warning glance from Reby stopped her, just as a visitor was announced.

"You will come to see us soon?" said Mrs. Ellis, as Henry Maclane arose to leave.

"Can I come this evening?" he asked

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Ellis. "It is well to get a gaslight view of things you are interested in buying."

When the door shut, Mrs. Ellis turned to Reby, apparently much interested in the visitor's card. "Do you know what I was about to quote? Ask, and it shall be given you."

"Oh, Sue!" remonstrated the shrinking woman. "Don't toss me to any man, as if I were a ball to be picked up, or let alone, as suits his pleasure."

At the dinner table Mrs. Maclane turned eagerly to her brother-in-law with the question: "How do you like house-hunting?"

"Immensely," was the hearty response. "I think I never enjoyed anything so much in my life."

Mrs. Maclane looked searchingly at the man. It sounded like sarcasm, but there was genuine pleasure in the face she scrutinized.

"It must have been a satisfactory house," she said, complacently. "Now tell me all about it."

"It is a pleasant-looking house; brown-stone front, high stoop, and three rooms deep," answered Henry Maclane, glibly.

Mrs. Maclane looked gratified. "What was the condition of the paper and paint?" she asked.

"The hall paper was dark, and the wood-work dark, and in good order," replied Henry Maclane, positively.

"Well, the rest of the house?" pursued Mrs. Maclane.

Henry Maclane passed from a positive to a negative condition as he answered, in a puzzled way: "I hardly know. I couldn't exactly tell. I think the hall was an index of the rest."

Mrs. Maclane smiled. "Closets?" she suggested

"The hall had closets," said Henry Maclane, in much the way a schoolboy begins a recitation of which he knows only the first paragraph. "I guess they are all right."

Mrs. Maclane laughed heartily as she remarked, "I never take closets on trust. Sewer gas?"

"No," responded Henry Maclane; "there was a sweet odor of violets as I entered the parlor."

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Maclane. "It sounds like Araby the blest."

"It was," responded Henry Maclane, in an undertone.

"Well, about the rest of the house?" continued Mrs. Maclane. "Did the violet odor pervade the whole of the mansion?"

"I don't know," answered Henry Maclane. "She didn't come."

"She? who?" answered Mrs. Maclane, in a puzzled way.

"The sister," was the brief reply.

"Who's sister?" said Mrs. Maclane, in perplexity. "Brother Hal, do you know you are talking incoherently? I can't seem to follow you. Are we talking about a house or a woman?"

"Both," answered Henry Maclane, with a smile.

"What was the woman like?" asked Mrs. Maclane.

"Light wavy hair, not a bit fluffy nor plastered stiffly, but just falling over her forehead in pretty rippling waves and coiled in a knot at the back, clear eyes that demand the truth and tell the truth, a good nose, an expressive mouth, delicate hands and a shapely figure—that's the woman," answered Henry Maclane, enthusiastically.

"You can give a better inventory of the woman than you can of the house," said Mrs. Maclane.

"Never mind; I'll try it again," replied the brother-in-law, cheerfully.

"When?" asked Mrs. Maclane.

"I promised to look at the house by gaslight," answered Henry Maclane.

"To-night's gaslight?" asked the woman, wonderingly.

"Of course," was the decided reply. "'Procrastination is the thief of time. It is my duty to cry 'Stop thief!'"

"In the meantime, I think I'll manage to look at the house myself," said Mrs. Maclane. "What is the name of the lady I am to ask for?"

"Mrs. Ellis," was the reply.

"I never knew any one by that name," commented Mrs. Maclane.

"Nor I," said her brother-in-law.

Mrs. Maclane looked puzzled. She had been thinking Hal must have met some old friends.

At the supper table that night she turned to her brother-in-law with the query: "Hal, what possessed you to tell Mrs. Ellis we wanted the house just as you found it? You know we have more furniture than we can stow away comfortably."

"She didn't understand me," replied Henry Maclane. "Women are dreadfully dull of comprehension."

"And men are incoherent and equivocal," retorted Mrs. Maclane. "For instance, you told me you had never heard of Mrs. Ellis. She told me you were an old friend."

"She wasn't an Ellis when I knew her," replied Henry Maclane. "She was Sue Monroe."

"I did not see the sister," added Mrs. Maclane. "She had gone for a walk. I will decide about the house to-night."

The next morning at the breakfast table came a note to Joshua Maclane from the house agent, saying that Mrs. Ellis had withdrawn the house from the market.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Maclane. "We had decided to take it. Just think, Brother Hal," she said, as her brother-in-law entered the breakfast-room, "that lovely house with which you and I fell in love is withdrawn from the market!"

"Ah!" he said, in an interested way.

"Any reason given?"

"Not a word," answered Mrs. Maclane. "I think folks ought to know their own minds better than to put a house in the market one day and withdraw it the next."

"Perhaps there has been a change of base," suggested Henry Maclane.

"You were going to look at it by gaslight," said Mrs. Maclane. "How did it impress you?"

"Very pleasantly," was the smiling reply.

"Brother Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, bending a searching gaze on her brother-in-law, "tell us all about it. Of course you went to look at more than the house by gaslight. Do you know why this house is withdrawn from the market?"

"The lady has concluded to occupy it," replied Henry Maclane.

"Does not the house belong to Mr. Ellis?" was the next query.

"No," he replied. "It belonged to the Monroe estate, and fell to the sister's share."

"Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, gravely, "our neighbor yesterday suggested Miss Anderson as a desirable alliance for you."

"Tell our neighbor I am like the house—withdrawn from the market," was the smiling answer.

"Just tell me this, Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, in a coaxing way; "did the fair-haired woman you met when you went house-hunting ever wear the flaxen curl and the pale blue ribbon? You see I am putting two and two together."

"Your figures are units of the same denomination, and you can add them," was the frank answer. "The stray lock belongs to that fair head."

"And it all came about from my sending you to look after a house," mused Mrs. Maclane.

"Yes. The results we unconsciously attain often exceed in greatness the intent we consciously pursue," was the philosophic reply. "Seeking for a house for you, in no enviable frame of mind, I have found a wife for myself, and my frame of mind is"—he paused and turned to his brother. "Joshua, perhaps you can get at it if you go back to the day when you fell in love with Bess, and add fifteen years of separation and loneliness to it, and then suddenly find out you have belonged to each other all through the future. It makes a very neat sum of happiness, Joshua," he said, with a radiant smile.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Washington Beauty's Career.

A Washington letter of recent date contains the following: A most distressing affair recently occurred in the suicide of Captain Edward Wright, son of Judge "Jack" Wright, who was recently convicted and fined for his assault on Secretary Delano, and then graciously pardoned by the President. Captain Wright was one of the finest officers in the ordnance corps, and his improvements and experiments in his line have gained him great credit. Two years ago he met at the Arkansas Hot springs the beautiful Bessie Paschal, daughter of a noted Texas lawyer, and divorced wife of Frank Gassaway. A more fascinating and lovely woman is seldom seen than she, and after a two-weeks' acquaintance they were married. Three months ago they separated, and since then Captain Wright had been depressed and gloomy. After a painful interview with her last week they parted finally, she winging her way to Philadelphia and fresh fortunes, and he ending his unhappy life by a pistol shot from his own hand. The career of his wife has been something remarkable. Seldom outside of novels and old memoirs do we know of a woman exerting such power over men by the mere spell of beauty. Gray beards and callow youths have worshiped her, and grave politicians and professional men gone wild. As a young lady she was a belle, and as a lovely widow she exerted a more potent power. Don Cameron at one time was announced as about to marry her, and the list of his comrades is a long one. A graceful and perfect figure, and a most lovely smile, first impress one on seeing her, but the indescribable charm, the strange fascination of her ways, the witchery and magic of her, are too evanescent and intangible for prose. Her beauty, her life and her fortunes would need the worldly, gushing pen of "Ouida" to portray some sides of it; for others the profound analysis of George Eliot could hardly suffice. As a figure in the social world she is destined to reappear, and those who have watched the amazing incidents of her life since she first entered Washington a precocious young witch of sixteen, will not be surprised at any sequel.

Freaks of Fashion.

Polka-dotted hose will be worn on poker-dotted shins.

Handkerchiefs with fancy borders are still the boarders' fancy.

"Coral des Indes" is the new name of a fabric. It is of a brick color.

Linen collars and cuffs are neither stylish nor neat—when they are dirty.

Shaded spots are seen on some of the new goods—especially on the editor's suit.

The new and expensive "peasant gowns" cause a great rage—when the bills come in.

Sulphur-colored satin is very popular for evening wear. Match-making is in progress if the lap is sat in.

Putty-colored lady's cloth is much used for walking costumes; but it is more appropriate for glaziers' girls.

Monks' hoods are seen on many of the fashionable street dresses. They should be worn only by the lady who affects scowls.

Sweet sandal slippers are made of light shades of kid for little ones; but they are not so effective as the old-fashioned shingle.

The latest style of lady's shoe has a pump-loxing below the instep, tied with a bow. It would be a greater novelty to have a fox pumping, bowed with the tide.

The old-time spencer is again occasionally seen on the streets, while specimens of Spencerian penmanship flourish and fade away in the editor's waste basket.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Gold and Gray.

Morning mists from the sun are rolled,
And all the face of the earth is gold;
Flow'rs unfold to the glowing ray,
And wak'ning bird-song are glad and gay.
Hours creep on, and the day wears round;
The shadows lengthen along the ground;
Dull vapors drift o'er the face of day,
And morning's gold is the evening's gray.

Life is beauty when life is young,
With its laughing lips and its silver tongue,
Young roses blooming on young cheeks fair
And clustered locks of youth's golden hair.
Years stride on with their footsteps fleet,
Bringing a bitter for ev'ry sweet;
Twilight falls o'er a life's short day,
And the locks of gold are the locks of gray.

Time is a robber both swift and sure,
Stealing alike from the rich and poor,
Gathering into his gran'ries old
Both age's silver and youth's gay gold;
Bribe or force cannot stay his way,
Swift alike through the gold and gray,
Till the last dark hour of day is told,
And earth's gray changes to heaven's gold.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

A lady of taste—The cook.

Sweet are the uses of advertisements—*Mrs. Partington.*

"This farm for sale, subject to mortgages and cyclones."

The Detroit *Free Press* gives this as the new style of field-sign in the West:

The streets of Philadelphia are to be swept by convicts.

"This can't be beat," as the man said when he bought the porcelain egg.

The quantity of cotton consumed in 1878 was fifty-four times greater than 1778.

Whisky is a bad juice, and you can't make good use of it neither.—*Marathon Independent.*

A place for everything and everything in its place—The baby's mouth.—*Toronto Grip.*

It is estimated the St. Gothard tunnel will augment trade between Germany and Italy tenfold.

A St. Louis police officer killed a young man who refused to tell where he was going late at night.

Philadelphia alone produces annually 7,000,000 more yards of carpeting than the whole of Great Britain.

"Circumstances alter cases," said the unsuccessful lawyer, "but my cases don't alter my circumstances."

Urns of flowers filled and wreathed with other flowers are preferred to all other funeral decorations in New York.

Time is money, and some people are fearfully extravagant when they visit editorial sanctums.—*New York Graphic.*

There are 1,487 licensed places where liquor is sold in Buffalo, and 733 saloons where nothing but liquor is sold.

At this season, when the young girl looks pale and grows listless, it is hard to say whether it is early love or early potatoes.

Every man who has become President of the United States has been elected during a leap-year. This is something for the girls to wonder over.

Four more working seasons will be required to complete the Washington monument, and it will cost about $680,000 additional to what has been already appropriated.

A man who undertakes anything and gets left at his own game catches a tartar. The boy who climbs to the top shelf in the pantry does so with the expectation of catching a tart or two.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A coquette came out of a fancy-goods shop loaded with purchases. "You have renewed your provision," said a rival. "Don't speak of it; I have quite ruined myself! I have bought a thousand things I do not need, among others six tooth-brushes." "Ah! one for each tooth," said the other, sweetly.

The Mind in Eclipse.

At a recent meeting of the Medico-Legal society, in New York city, Dr. George M. Beard read a paper on "The Problems of Insanity," in which he said: Insanity is a disease of degrees; there is no plain dividing line between sanity and insanity. Insanity may be divided into two kinds—intellectual insanity, embracing forms in which there are delusions, and emotional insanity, in which there are no delusions. Insanity is a barometer of civilization, and as we advance in the arts and sciences so will insanity become more prevalent among us. Intense application, brain work and indoor life are the agencies which most frequently bring it about. The intellectual activity of the women of today is another great cause of insanity. What the mother is, so will the child be in an intenser degree.

Insanity is increasing most perceptibly in Europe and America among the poorer classes. Civilization grinds hardest on the poor, shutting them up in close houses, with bad air and poor food, and compelling them to struggle for existence. The brain cannot always bear up under the strain, for they have few recreations and amusements which can be indulged in for the relaxation of their minds. A diagnosis in cases of insanity is most difficult. The physician must know the subject psychologically; know he thinks, what he thinks, and all about his general disposition, passions, etc. The probabilities of cure in the case of insane persons depend greatly upon the advancement of the disease when the treatment is begun. It is better if the patient can be treated out of the asylum, and if he is not confined or isolated altogether from the world, narcotics and stupefying remedies should not be used when their use can be avoided. Until a comparatively short time our inventions have tended to an increase rather than to a decrease of insanity. Of late, however, the inventions have been in the opposite direction, tending to give us more ease and rest, as, for example, the telephone, elevated railroad and the electric light. If the latter is perfected, it may also enable us to breathe a purer air. An improved system of education, with less "cramming," would tend to reduce the increase of insanity. The eclipse of the mind cannot be predicted like the eclipse of the sun, but, with study, men may learn to detect it in its first stages, and, if treated early, it need rarely become serious.

Church Going in Old Times.

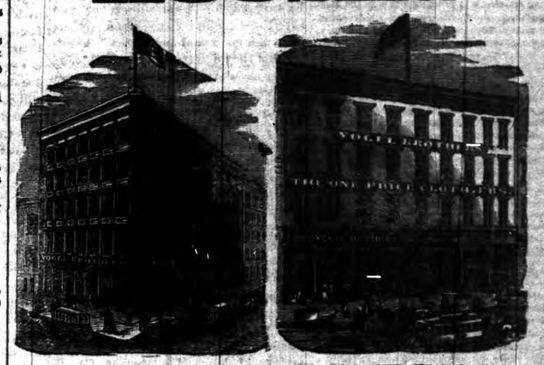
Young folks in the olden time had to behave themselves in church, as is proved by this extract from the Ipswich (Mass.) town records, dated December 26, 1700: "To prevent the Youth from prophaning ye Sabbath & their misordering themselves in times of God's Worshipp—It is Ordered They shall sit together in ye two back side Seats of each front Gallery, which are ye seats appointed for them—and that ye Tything men and others desired with them Shall take Turn by two in a Day, to Sit with them to inspect them, and such as will not be reclaimed by sd persons Discountenancing of their Ill manners shall be complained of to the Justices and proceeded with by them as the Law Directs unless said Justices shall Instead of fineing them—Imprison such incorrigible persons or give them Corporall punishment."

VOGEL BROTHERS,

RELIABLE

CLOTHING

HOUSES.



605, 607, 609 Broadway, Cor. Houston Street, NEW YORK.

651, 653, 655 Eighth Ave. Near 42d Street, NEW YORK

A VISIT TO NEW YORK

Will pay you well if you want to purchase any Clothing for yourself and your boys. We have, before the late enormous rise in prices, bought for over One Million Dollars,

$1,000,000.00 Woolen Materials,

Comprising the Choicest and most Elegant New Patterns for Spring and Summer wear of 1880, which we have manufactured into fashionable and well-made Garments for Men, Youths, Boys and Children. We are now selling them at very near

ONE-HALF THE MARKET VALUE.

MEN'S STYLISH SUIT, cost to produce now $18.00, sold now at $10.00, and all better grades at proportionate prices.

YOUNG MEN'S FASHIONABLE SUIT, cost to produce now $15.00, sold now at $8.00, and all better grades at proportionate prices.

BOY'S DURABLE and STYLISH SUIT (ages 10 to 16 years), cost to produce now $8.00, sold now at $4.50, and all better grades at proportionate prices.

CHILDREN'S SUITS of the most elegant designs (ages 2 to 10 years), cost to produce now $5.00, sold now at $3.00, and all better grades at proportionate prices.

A large piece of the same material given to each Boy's and Children's Suit, FREE OF CHARGE.

NOTE.—This is no false alarm as is often advertised by unscrupulous houses. The above advertisement comes from one of the largest Clothing Houses, which has enjoyed the highest reputation for the past twenty-two years, in the City of New York, and will continue to do so by announcing only such facts as they can positively substantiate.

We respectfully invite our patrons and the public, as it is well worth the time and fare it costs you to visit our extensive establishment, and be convinced of the above facts.

VOGEL BROTHERS,

The One-Price Clothiers,

605, 607, 609 BROADWAY, corner HOUSTON ST.,

AND

651, 653, 655 EIGHTH AVENUE, near 42nd ST.,

New York City.

A WEEK'S EVENTS

Eastern and Middle States.

A dispatch from Lyksens, Pa., says that by an explosion in the Girard mammoth colliery Shenandoah City, Knorr and Michael Donaghan, all married, were instantly killed and two other men fatally injured.

The New Hampshire Democratic State convention for the election of delegates to the national convention was held at Concord. Four delegates-at-large and six district delegates, with alternates, were chosen and a platform adopted which commends the Republican party and the election of 1876 as a "conspiracy and fraud."

George B. Roberts, first vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, has been elected president, as successor to Colonel Scott.

Since January 1 nearly 100,000 emigrants have been landed at Castle Garden, N. Y.

Two men were attempting to explode a silico-glycerine torpedo in an oil well on the border lands about eight miles northwest of Bradford, Pa., when there was a terrific explosion, which scattered the engine house, boiler house, derrick and machinery in a thousand different directions. The oil caught fire and shot up into the air a hundred feet in a blazing column. The ground for miles around was covered with a thin layer of oil and oil soaked leaves. A strong wind was blowing from the west and the fire spread with fearful rapidity in the direction of Red City, a village of about 100 houses. The oil-well property, tanks, rigs and machinery were one sheet of flame for a distance of two miles to Red City. The people of that place were paralyzed with fear and tried to remove their household goods before the fire reached them, but such was the awful speed of the flames that nothing could be saved and the village was totally consumed. The people ran for their lives and sought a place of shelter in an open field. While this fire was in progress an oil well in the town of Gilmore, about six miles west of Bee City, ignited, and still a third fire broke out at Custer City, four miles south of Bradford. The country for miles around was one seething mass of flame and about 800 oil wells were burned in an hour, together with hundreds of thousands of barrels of petroleum.

The New Jersey Republican State convention, held at Trenton, elected four delegates-at-large and seven district delegates to the national convention, and adopted resolutions declaring that the presidential nominee at Chicago would be cordially supported by them. On the same day the New Hampshire Republican convention, held at Concord, elected delegates to the national convention and adopted resolutions declaring that while they were in favor of sending an unpledged delegation to Chicago they believed that Blaine was "the man for the times," etc. The Delaware Republicans, in convention at Dover, appointed an uninstructed delegation to Chicago and adopted resolutions declaring they would support any candidate indorsed by the national convention.

The jury of investigation into the recent accident at the Madison Square garden in New York, by which four persons lost their lives, rendered a verdict censuring the owners of the structure and the department of buildings, and recommending that the entire building be torn down.

At a meeting of the Loyal Legion of the United States, held in Philadelphia, General W. S. Hancock was re-elected commander.

A fire in Williamsport, Pa., destroyed two lumber yards containing three million feet of lumber, and six tenement houses, entailing a loss of $55,000.

A fire which broke out in the house of Justice Cline, at Bexford, Pa., communicated to the adjoining structures, and before the flames could be subdued eighty buildings were laid in ashes. The losses burned were those of the principal hotels, stores, business places and several large oil tanks containing many thousands of barrels of oil. On the same day the business part of the village of Kinderhook, N. Y., was destroyed by fire, and at Allegheny City, Pa., about thirty buildings were burned to the ground.

Lately there have been a large number of suicides in Central Park, New York. Hardly a day passes without the discovery of a corpse in the great pleasure grounds or on the metropolis.

Samuel P. Dinhm, aged fifty-four years a rent collector, while on a collecting tour in New York, was kicked to death by Eugene Gardner, a colored boy eighteen years of age. It is supposed one of the colored boy's relatives in the Mercer county jail at Trenton, N. J., struck the whole city, and the report was heard for miles around. The boiler, which was twenty-two feet long and five feet in diameter, was blown through the roof about fifty feet into the air and landed four hundred feet away in a vacant lot. Four employes were killed and about a dozen more or less severely injured.

Western and Southern States.

The notorious Indian chief, Victoria, and his band of Apaches are still upon the warpath in Arizona. They recently killed four cattlemen and stampeded fourteen thousand sheep.

In consequence of hot weather and overcrowding of cars there was a remarkable mortality among hogs arriving at Chicago the other morning. It is said that twenty carloads of dead hogs came in during the day. One car containing 101 hogs had 100 reported dead, thirty crippled, and only fourteen in good condition. The usual proportion is about one dead hog to two cars.

The San Francisco board of supervisors has adopted a resolution requesting the removal of Mayor Kalloch on the charge that he has conspired with labor agitators to destroy the peace of the city, etc.

During a squall in the Columbia river, in Oregon, twenty men in a fishing boat were swamped and twelve of the fishermen drowned.

A few days ago an anti-third-term national Republican convention was held at St. Louis, General Henderson calling the meeting to order. E. C. Holcomb, of Kentucky, was made the chairman and after a permanent organization was effected, with John B. Henderson, of Missouri, as president of the convention, thirteen vice-presidents and four secretaries. Telegrams and letters of sympathy were read from Senator Sherman, Secretary Evarts, of Cincinnati; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. John J. Freeman Clarke, of Boston, Governor Pierpont, of West Virginia, Thurlow Weed and Rev. H. W. Bellows, of New York, Gov. John C. Long, of Massachusetts, and others. The resolutions adopted without debate declared adhesion to the principles of the Republican party and affirm that "the nomination of a third-term candidate will put the party on the defensive by forcing the memory of the public scandals and official corruptions which brought the party to the verge of ruin." The resolution close by resolving that "a national committee of one hundred be appointed and instructed, in the event of the nomination of General Grant, to meet in the city of New York at the call of the chairman of this committee, and there to act in such a manner as they shall then deem best to carry out the spirit and purpose of these resolutions, the said committee to be selected by a committee of thirteen and published at its earliest convenience." A committee of five was instructed to present the resolutions to the Chicago convention.

The Wisconsin Republican State convention for the election of delegates to the national convention has been held at Madison. The delegates elected are instructed to be guided to their action by the preferential vote between several of the candidates.

Republican State conventions were held the other day in Maryland, Tennessee and Mississippi. In Maryland a resolution requiring the delegates to work and vote for Blaine at Cincinnati was adopted; in Tennessee the convention instructed Gen. Gordon for governor, and declared against repudiation; in Mississippi an uninstructed delegation was elected to the national convention.

The Ohio Democratic State convention, held at Columbus, appointed four delegates-at-large to the national convention and twenty elected by districts. The resolutions instruct the delegates to present to the national convention the name of Allen G. Thurman as presidential candidate, and instruct them to vote as a unit at Cincinnati.

Congressman Weaver, Greenback candidate from Iowa, has been unanimously nominated by a congressional convention of his party at Denver.

Henry Horne, a colored man, was hung a few days ago at Charlotte, N. C., for burglary.

At Danville, Va., J. B. Pratt's tobacco warehouse and several adjoining buildings were destroyed by fire and two persons perished in the flames; and on the same day at St. Louis 10,000 tons of ice stored in the extensive warehouses of Hess, Lonsdale & Co. melted away in the flames.